that bilistril week—he was one or the two or three men who staid all the time—and, although he was really more attentive to Lotty, and probably at that time liked her better, I came in for his best manner and

his most charming guile. Well, I played accompaniments, and was as agreeable as Punch to everybody, and didn't take ad-

vantage of being Lotty's friend, and didn't show temper-and was, in short, as careful

as any girl could well have been, and I think I deserved to be liked. At first I

came very near using my eyes too much,

but stopped myself in time.

After that Lotty asked me to stay with her, but I thought it better not to run the

risk of tiring my hosts, so I only staid a day after the others went, in order to make

a good impression on Mrs. Hathorne, and then I returned triumphant to my mother.

I believe my mother would have viewed

with absolute satisfaction the prospect of working herself to a skeleton in order to

advance her daughter's social welfare. She took an almost absurd delight in my

tales, and tried my patience, if the truth must be told, by asking me thousands of repeated questions. I was rather self suf-

ficient just then, and preferred to treat

everything that occurred to me as the most

natural thing in the world and beneath

That summer was spent in quiet at my

grandfather's farm. I almost had a fit of

crying when my mother produced (this was before we left Philadelphia) a little

sum of money that she had put away for me, which she gave me, with tears in her eyes and a half framed blessing, telling me

it was for my dresses next winter. We

did a certain amount of shopping in town, and sewed a good deal while we were at Lancaster. My grandfather, too, bless his

dear soul, gave me a handsome "tip," as

the boys call it; and many a pleasant af-ternoon did my mother and I spend to-

gether over my dresses, she dwelling with a good deal of spirit and color of language

on the good luck she anticipated for me, I

elaborating, with a little consciousness of

my own cleverness, my theories of life and

society—which were already pretty well formed. I had by this time recovered from

the sobering effect of Miss Mayburn's last

words to me when I went through the

time honored ceremony of a farewell inter-

view with her before leaving school for ever. They were words that I half expect-

I know now why she did not give me the

praise which I secretly thought was my

due; I know now why she tried to make

me see that life was not a bed of roses; but

at the time I hardly cared to have her tell

me that only hard work and an abiding

faith could bring happiness in this world.

The strong faced and dignified woman sat by the table in her little study in the atti-

tude which all her girls know so well-

ed to hear yet half hoped not to hear.

discussion.





"Ethel, no woman can be thoroughly happy who is not a religious woman.

CHAPTER I

I must lightly indicate my early history. My father was a prosperous business man in the city of Philadelphia. No name on Market street was more respected, and certainly no store front on Market street was untier than his. He was a kindly man, entirely devoted to his business, and all the more because it demanded a slight knowledge of science, which gave him an excuse for subscribing to The Scientific American and forming cabinets of "specimens." I was exceedingly fond of him, and he, I think, preferred me to my younger sister, who was a prig, as many girls are, may be that I ought to ascribe my

er's preference to the fact that, being ecocions child, I soon learned how to at billiards, for it was in that game he found his chief, and indeed his relaxation. In course of time I bequite an adept, though it was tire-to have to knock the balls about night night, and many a long evening have nt in my father's company, stretching if across our big green table and king my tall cue with childish gravity, nother was as ambitious as my father contented. Long before either of her thters was old enough to understand meaning of the word "position" she discovered that it was impossible to ey to his mind in any way the idea there could be anything wanting to

s idea for the future happiness of and Elizabeth Jones was that we to marry energetic young business live quietly in the country, and raise and families to be the admiration and air of our neighbors. It may be imd that my mother rarely endeavored avince him how trite were his ideas I add that whenever these visions of oture pastoral happiness of his daughpresented themselves to his mind he iably was excited to declare an intento retire from business himself and similar bucolic joys on my grander's hopes, however, were none the distinct because my father did not on to share in them; she looked to us a double share of energy and parus. at least, of her daughters has not dis-

mother was an ignorant woman in ways, but she was quick, appreciafar sighted and possessed of considerknowledge of the world-or, rather, a failings of the world, which amounts same thing. It was this knowledge enabled her to succeed in establishing ions with advantageous people against me of our growing up. Considering

mer disadvantages (for she never dared to allow my father to suspect that she was intricular for her daughters) her success was iderful. Perhaps the success she did obtain was not so wonderful as her tact and self control. She managed never to appear shing; she always behaved with good taste, and she kept several obnoxious relafions out of the way, but as I incline to think, after my father's failure and death, all her care might have been of no avail

Old Mr. Latitude told her she would have a doosed hard time to get those girls into Philadelphia society—and his reasons for saying so were excellent. He also deto count on him for assistance; but as his function in society was simply the collation, condensation and diffusion of gossip, his offer involved more temporary good will on his part than future profit to my mother. It certainly looked as if she were going to have a hard time, and we might easily have dropped out of sight, for though we had acquaintance with some recole it rested with us to keep it up, and was only 15. I am inclined to escribe our success to the fact that my mother was able to keep us at Miss Mayburn's school.

it helped matters to a certain extent that my mother immediately crossed the Rubipon of Market street and established herself among the people whom we wished to know, but we might never have accomplished anything further if it had not been for the connections we were able to form at Miss Mayburn's and the kindness of the girls we met there. We were not entirely unknown, to be sure, nor altogether disap preved of when we first wont there. My mother has often reminded me of her policy with Mrs. Hatherns at Cape May. It was our first visit to the sea-we had been used to spend our summers at my grandfather's farm-and before Mrs. Hathorne appeared we had been allowed to run wild with some children whose manners were not too bad, but whose voices and appearance were of Pittsburg, Pittsburgy; and I imagine that we were at times disagreeable. But when Lotty and Gerty Hathorne appeared

our liberties were santched from us. On the beach we were attended by my mother's maid, and my mother in the meanlime waited three days for another servant. Our dinners we took no longer in the pubhe dining hall, but at the nurse's and chiliren's table. The fine muslins and broad sashes in which we had delighted were laid aside, and we soberly wore our flannel fresses all day long. My mother took care b behave in Mrs. Hathorne's presence as if they had exchanged positions, and the consequence was that at the end of the week we were familiar with the girls, and Mrs. Hathorne had conversed amicably with my mother upon the beach. I do not think, berefore, that Mrs. Hathorne was greatly displeased some one or two years afterward to find that Letty and I were in the same flass at Miss Mayburn's and very likely to

become intimate. I look back to my shood days with grati-tade, affection and regret. According to my father's preconceived notions we ought to have been sent to a boarding school, but he was unable to make up his mind to exile us from home, and he made no obpecially as hers was supposed to be the best girls' school in town. With my mother, of course, it was a matter of calcu lation; for at that time nearly all the girls whom it was most important for me to know were of Miss Mayburn's flock. I think that the five years I spent under her care were the happiest, in many ways, that I have ever known. To be sure, while I was there, my father died, and for some time I was deeply afflicted; moreover, dur-ing the last three years—that is, from the time of my father's death to the end of my school days-I was conscious that my object at school should be to gain something more than an education.

Yet I was ambitious enough to overlook ny own insincerity, and fond enough of my friends to be glad to try to bind them loser to me, and, I confess it, not even the flush of my greatest triumphs has been so grateful to me as was the friendship, and, when I had it, the approbation, of Miss Mayburn. How we all feared and worshiped her! How we all admired her strength and vigor, her wonderful culture and forgetfulness of self, her keen sympathy and quick humor! She was born to cheer and instruct her own sax, not for the benefit, except indirectly, of man. For my own part she imbued me with a fondness for literature which was not wholly native to me, and tightened the cords of my resolution by the force of her decided example. But I never copied her handwriting, as most of the girls did.

It was at Miss Mayburn's school, then, that I laid the foundation of my success. My mother was one of the first to send her daughters to that school in order to get them into society, but I was probably as successful as any girl that ever tried the plan. Some girls, either from incompetence or pride, have graduated as unknown as they were when first they hung their flaxen heads and pulled at their dresses in the awful presence of Miss Mayburn. My success was complete. Lotty Hathorne became my most intimate friend, and as the girls in my class grew up I was recognized as a member of the little set that led the school. I could draw caricatures, I could write passable rhymes. I was the leader of the consolidated recess party when that memorable controversy agitated our class.

Miss Mayburn in our last year had proposed to allow us to take only quarter hour recesses throughout the week, and as an offset to leave school an hour earlier on Fridays; and when the girls hesitated I formed a party, suggested the maneuver of obtaining significant and ominous certificates from medical experts (some of the girls' fathers gave us delightful opinions), argued the question before the class in several stormy recesses and won our case. When we acted I was always stage manager; when we had our orgies I was generally chosen toast mistress, an office which was equivalent to being an executive committee to get Miss Mayburn's permission to buy the cake, the cream chocolates and the lemons, and to keep the girls from

Sometimes we did have toasts. I always made poor Olive Grene respond to the toast of "The Gentlemen," because Willy Woodburn walked to school with her three mornings out of the week, leaving her at the corner. Thus I became intimate with the other girls. They confided to me their little secrets; I came to know all about their bovish admirers, and, for the matter of that, heard the name of more than on older man. I drew sly little pictures representing scenes from real life (which were sources of infinite delight to my companons), and, in short, when we graduated was as much one of them as if their mothers had speculated with mine over our respective eradles as to our probable friendships and destinies.

I had never been to a party. I knew absolutely no men at all. I had only been to the houses of my friends' mammas in the afternoon and on evenings when no one else was present, and this for several rea-sons, chiefly that I had been for a long time in mourning; that I really had to drudge laboriously to help my mother with her slender housekeeping, and that in those days also I was ambitious enough to work very hard at my books; but I looked forward with agreeable certainty to going out more and more until at last no door should be closed to me. I counted on my friends, and I was not mistaken. I am most pro foundly grateful to them. To be sure, I amused them, but their kindness none the

less calls for my gratitude.

My schooling at Miss Mayburn's had done the trick, as Mr. Latitude truthfully remarked to my mother. Without it I should have had to depend on chance, and all the more so because I was not at the time particularly pretty. I was considered very pretty during my second winter, when my figure had become graceful; but now I had only my complexion and my eyes. When I think of my complexion! I had the most delicate soft brown skin, and the little tinge on my cheeks was not incorrectly spoken of, perhaps, by some of my ad mirers as the most exquisite thing imaginable. Be it understood that I am speaking of departed glories. My eyes,

thank heaven, I still possess, but my hair, or some of it, has gone into rats. I have said that I knew absolutely no men. Let me qualify the statement. I knew one or two boys, some college youths and — Mr. Branscombe Bouliter. Bran Boullter I shall always consider the most fascinating man I ever saw. From my earliest days—I mean of course my earliest enlightened days-I had heard of him as the man with whom it was necessary for a girl to spar a little before she could consider her education in the noble art of self defense complete. My sex ought to rejoice that he strictly conformed to the backelor faith. I had seen him over and again, I had depleted him in all kinds of attitudes, I had wedded his name to immortal verse, and when he began to be attentive to Lotty Hathorne I made up my mind that I was

going to profit by it. He began to be attentive to Lotty in the winter of our last year at school, which was a little early, for though he usually looked over the buds of each year in the spring before they came out he rarely took much notice of them before they appeared in their Easter bravery. But at whatever time he applied himself he was sure of success. Often did Neddy Tryffleham experience the galling pang of seeing a girl whom he had carefully worked up while she was yet in her bread-and-butter days sustehed away from him before his very eyes by Bran the Irresistible. Mr. Boulter was quite impecunious, everybody knew he was

not serious, and there was not a girl in town who did not adore him and long to play at believing in him. My satisfaction, then, can wall be imagined when one day Mr. Boullter took it into his head that he sufficiently desired to speak to Losty to stride after her in the street as she was walking with me and to join as both with a may air that specialized

that he didn't care whether he knew me or not. Of course Lotty presented him to me, and I walked along on the inside, greatly triumphing, and, to my surprise, perfectly cool. He had on a gray walking coat, rough and loose, his trousers were gray and of elegant cut, and it seemed to me then as if there was something almost di-vine in the way his collar and cravat harmonized with his sunburned neck and crisp golden hair. He naturally directed most of this conversation to Lotty, and at intervals only slipped in a word to me. When

we reached the doorstep there was a hait. I could not go in, and Mr. Bouilter deleonid not go in, and Mr. Bouliter de-elined Lotty's invitation to lunch. We had met him going in the opposite direc-tion, and though I knew that his concern was only with Lotty, just as he was pre-paring to pretend to leave me with her I looked at him. He afterward declared that I gave him a broadside "that raked me fore and aft, I assure you, Miss Ethel!" but at the time he behaved with great coolness, merely remarking, as if he had intended to say it all the time: "And if Miss Jones will permit me, I will excert her home. I am going to my office, I protest and it won't take me at all out of my way." I wanted horribly to wink at Lotty. but was afraid to do so, so I walked off without throwing my umbrella up in the air or indulging in any expressions of tri-

He was actually by my side, my property for the time being; on me those eyes were bent, to me that adorable voice spoke. He was just a triffe more interested than he been, but I was rather calm. I knew that this walk was only tentative. He talked easily about having heard of me from my friend, Miss Hathorne; hinted that he understood that I was clever at my pen, and said he hoped to see me next win-

"I don't think it likely that I shall go out much, Mr. Boullter," said I. I went on immediately (for I didn't want him to think I was "fishing"). "A young person who is possessed of talents as remarkable as mine are, according to your account, had better occupy herself in cultivating them rather than in"-

"Now, don't blackguard society before you see it," said Bran, interrupting me, "it's quite a jolly place, you know." "I am very fond of my books, however,"

"The proper study of womankind is man," said he. Then he began to smile. "If you prefer to study the individual rather than the race I shall be very happy to give you object lessons.

"I think," said I, "that I should prefer to begin with race characteristics. Then I could better understand the individual." "I fancy," said he, "that you understand both prety well."

I am free to say that I think I did. I knew instinctively that it would be commonplace to ask him to be good to me if I did go out; I knew that I couldn't make him want to do so by asking him point blank to do it, or by letting him see that I had led up the conversation to making him offer to do it, and I felt that the true way to encourage him was to refuse his advances by word of mouth and accept them by word

"Thank you for the compliment." said I "In return for which I shall have to accept your offer of the object lessons-on condition that you let me choose the object. "Certainly," he replied; "I should not care myself to be the object."

"Ah?" said I. I came terribly near being afraid that he was piqued, and hasten-ing to say that I wished him to be the object, for I did not foresee a quibble

"Because," he went on, "I should prefer to be-a-your subject, you know." The pun was not good, even for a pun, but it certainly pleased me; and the killing little way in which he said "your subject" quite overcame me. Luckily for my presence of mind our door was just at hand, and I could ask him to ring the bell. Goodness! how victorious I felt! Unless my unpracticed eyes deceived me, he wanted me to ask him to come in. But I did not do so, and as he held out his hand (it was unnecessary, to be sure, but I had made eyes at him) he said:

"When I next come this way I hope that "With an object," said I finishing the

My delight was only natural; and my rest was disturbed that night by dazzling anticipations had formerly been somewhat

visions of future successes and glories. My vague, but that day I felt the full force of a material, distinct desire. I wanted to know every man in town so that I might vanquish each one in turn if possible—and I wanted, oh, how I wanted, to get into the full swing of pleasure and go it! That familiar if vulgar phrase exactly expresses what I meant; and I determined that when I got the chance I would "go it," and I think that before I finally stopped building air castles and dropped off to sleep I added, 'and with a vengeance!'

The chance to knew more men arrived sooner than I had expected.

respectfully,

Truly yours,

Lotty had been permitted by her mother, in anticipation of her going out, to fill their country house with young people for a work in the end of June, and the dear girl immediately wrote to say that she must of course have me. "As you may imagine, Ethel," she said, "you and I are to be the not outs' of the team. A certain person," she continued, "may be angry if he likes, but he is only a boy, even if he is at college, and I shall not ask him. Did I tell von how furious he was when I informed him that we had been reading Juvenal. He said that he knew we couldn't do it, and at any rate it wasn't fit reading for us, and that he wondered how Miss Mayburn could give it to us. You may imagine that I did not tell him that it was only twenty lines, and that Miss Mayburn had to read them to us after all."

It was rather ruthless in Lotty to ask only the older men and pass over her younger admirers, but I was very glad she did so, and profited accordingly. What a jolly time we had! For a really consistently perfect time command me to a well stocked country house in summer. It was my first glimpse of Society Canaan, and I saw it, not from a height, but face to face. How pleasant it was to sit on a rug, under the trees, and talk nonsense in the gayest of manners; how delightful to have lying at your feet a bronzed and whiskered cavalier who dealt out to you easy compliment and polite insinuation as if it was your hereditary due; how charming the freedom, the merry making, the songs, the romps, the little understandings, the little private

I could hardly take my eyes off the men. It was so interesting to watch their free movements, to see them put their big hands on each other's shoulders, light their pipes, touch off fireworks with their cigars, nelp the girls across brooks, twirl their whiskers—to hear their deep voices and put one's hand through their hard, their awfully hard, strong arms. Even to notice their ways at dinner was absorbing, and I took a positive pleasure in seeing them drink sangares or ale in the mornings after playing tennis. (That was the first year that lawn tonnis was played, the Hatho being almost the first people to have a set, and the men were wonderfully keen about it.) They seemed to reciprocate my feel-

ings.

Lotty used to tell me every night, while we brushed out our hair, of some new nice thing that a man had said about me. If I bad believed that described wrotch, Bran Boullter, I should have ended my days in an insane asylum, for my brain would have been turned by a delucion of vanity. He seems a good field of time with me during

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with one foot pushed forward, her arm on the table, her hand stroking her smooth hair and her other hand lying in her lap-looking at me intently. "Ethel." she said, "no woman can be thoroughly good or thoroughly happy who is not sally a re-ligious woman." I returned her gaze. I heard, but I think I knew was going to DRS. BETTS & BETTS

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DEKALB, TEX., May 10, 1891. Fort Worth Gazette: I received your High-Arm premium sewing machine. We have tried it thor oughly, and find it first class. It is as good a machine as the people have been paying \$50 for. There is no humbug about it. Respectfully, J. D. O. REAR.

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> ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT. Box 65, VERNON, TEX., Mar

Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.: GENTLEMEN-The No. 4. High-Arm premium in good order, and my wife finds it to be all you for it, and is quite satisfied that it is equal to any other machine of the price you ask for this one e and very well finished. inished. I am yours E. L. MOURANT. The case, too, is exceedingly have truly

NEAR PERFECTION AS POSSIBLE. FLATONIA, TEX., May 13, 1891. e. Fort Worth, Tex.: ne machine received in good order and is pronounced a jewel by myself and neighbors. It is as near perfection as it is possible for anything to be. In fact only one fault could be found, and that is the thread post is too short. Yours

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TULIA, TEX., May 5, 1891. To the Fort Worth Gazette: GENTLEMEN—The High-Arm sewing machine is all you claim for it. It is first class in every respect. It is as good as one my son paid \$37 for on the same day I received it. No one can be dissatisfied with it at the price paid for it.

J. A. SCOTT. WELL PLEASED WITH IT.

TOLOSA, KAUFMAN COUNTY, TEX., April 20, 1891. To the Gazette: SIR-My machine arrived in due time and is all or more than you recomnended. My wife is well pleased with the work that it does. Your mended. G. M. PITTMAN. respectfully

\$20 TO \$25 CAN BE SAVED.

Howe, Tex., May 12, 1891. Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Tex.: DEAR SIR-In answer to yours of recent date in regard to sewing machine bought of you, can recommend the machine. As to work, it does equal to any high-priced, and is neatly finished, runs light, and we can recommend the machine to all those in need of a good machine. You can save \$20 to \$25 by one of hese machines, and you will be well pleased with your bargain. Yours truly, Howe, Tex., Box 31

> SO MUCH MORL THAN EXPECTED. VERNON, TEX., March 21, 1891.

The Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.: GENTLEMEN-The machine came all O. K. It is a good one, so much better than was looked for at so small a price. It is just as good as my \$45 one, and looks better to-day, and does just as good work as any machine. Thanks for the bargain in it. Good luck to THE GAZETTE. Respectfully yours, R. P. SANDERS.

> ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT. Box 65, VERNON, TEX., March 23, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.;

GENTLEMEN—The No. 4. High-Arm premium sewing machine was received in good order, and my wife finds it to be all you claim for it, and is quite satisfied that it is equal to any other machine of twice the price you ask for this one. The case, too, is exceedingly handsome and very well finished. I am yours

AS GOOD AS HIGH-PRICED MACHINES. MOODY, TEX., March 28, 1891.

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth: GENTS—The machine I ordered from you arrived safe, and, after a thorough test, my wife says she likes it fully as well as any of the high-priced machines or the market now. Respectfully,

BEYOND HIS EXPECTATIONS.

TULIA, TEX., April 6, 1891.

To the Gazette: GENTLEMEN—I received THE GAZETTE machine in good order. It is beyond my expectations in finish, and is simple in construction and convenience. I have shown it to several, and they say it can't be beat.

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PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND SPECIALISTS OF A MAIN A STREET ON THE STREET OF THE STREET O

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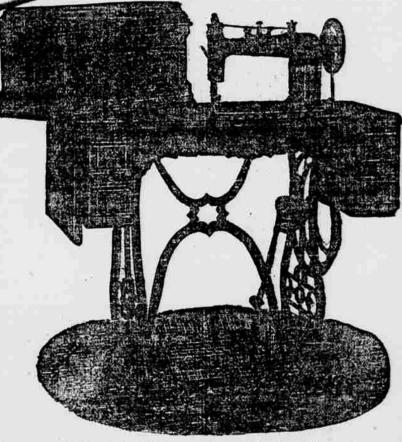
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